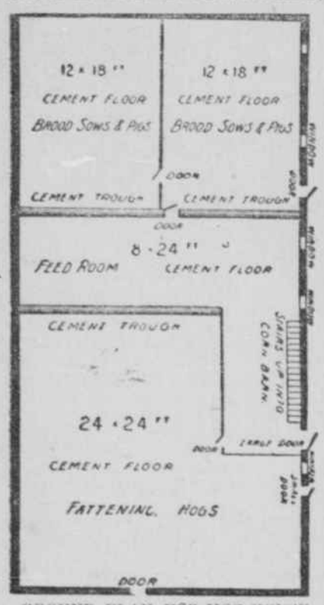
SATURDAY.....NOV. 25TH, 1905.

PLAN FOR A HOG HOUSE.

Two-Story Structure Comparatively Easy to Construct—Second-Story Used for Corn Storage.

The accompanying illustration shows the ground plan of a hog house, 24x50 feet, in use on the farm of J. G. Palmer, Jackson county, Mich. The plan as submitted in a late issue of the Michigan Farmer needs no further description. The hog house forms the basement of a two-story building. The upper portion is used for storage of corn.



GROUND PLAN FOR HOG HOUSE.

CARE OF MANES AND TAILS

Some Valuable Suggestions for the Improvement in Appearance of the Horse.

In response to an inquiry as to what to do to improve rough, uneven and unsightly manes and tails, a leading horse authority gives its readers the following suggestions:

"Cleanliness is the first thing to be looked after. If dirt is suffered to accumulate at the roots of the long hair the horse will rub and destroy it. Therefore, good, honest soap and water is a mighty aid to keep manes and tails looking well. A little sheep dipzenoleum is excellent, used periodically at the roots of the long hair will stimulate growth measurably and kill or repel vermin that may have found or seek a lodgment. When a horse is rubbing his tail, which he always is when anything is wrong, the first thing to be done is to discover the cause. Then apply plentifully soap and water and the solution described. One part of the dip in 50 parts of warm water is right as to strength. Then the mane and tail should be kept clean by the use of comb and brush and more or less frequent washing. The long hair should be dried as well as possible after each scouring, and when the dip solution is applied there is no need to slop it over so that it runs down or away from the skin where it is needed. It should be rubbed in briskly for a few moments. The mane and tail should be handled gently. It is very easy to tear out great quantities of the long hair with a common currycomb, and in that very way much damage is done. A currycomb should never be used on a mane or tail. Use the comb specially designed for the purpose. The tail should never be plaited to make it look crinkly. To plait it is to break off the hair and in time to spoil the looks of the tail."

THE LIVE STOCK.

Whatever you may feed your horse, feed judiciously and regularly. Use system.

While it is always an item to feed well, young pigs may easily be stunted by overfeeding.

Keep breeding sows by themselves, and feed them according to the demands of the condition.

Hogs furnish one of the best mediums for marketing the bulky products of the farm in a concentrated shape.

When stabled for the noon feed, it is comforting and cooling to the tired, sweating horse to be relieved of all harness.

It is the hogs that make the best growth in the shortest time and upon the smallest amount of food that return the best profit.

A tablespoonful of copper sulphate dissolved in hot water and given with a gallon of milk to the brood sow will stop scours in little pigs.

Owners of waste, brushy land would find a flock of Angora goats a very valuable acquisition. They are money makers as well as land clearers.

In selecting a young animal for breeding purposes one with a gentle and tractable disposition should be chosen as nearly as can be judged.

Feeding of Brood Sow.

If the sow is fed on a cooling or succulent ration before farrowing with a predominance of protein, the pigs should be strong and healthy, and reach the teats without becoming chilled.—Farm Journal.

FEEDING WESTERN LAMBS.

Suggestions by an Eastern Stockman for Profitable Rearing of Lambs for Meat.

I wish to give some facts about the inside of an industry new to this country and in which are the least possible risks, with the hope of interesting capitalists.

I believe, writes W. I. Armstrong, of New Jersey, in the Country Gentleman, I may claim to be the original advocate of the English system of sheep farming as suited to the American soil and climate. My views in this branch of farming have been supported by the foremost authorities in this country. My remarks refer to a system of feeding, etc., which will result in the development of a thick, lean, juicy mutton carcass of finest quality and digestibility, having a peculiar turnipy flavor, pleasing to the palate, the epicure's delight.

The questions may be asked: What are the requirements? Will the cost exceed present western systems of feeding? How can the sheep be procured?

Ordinary farm land; about one-third of the farm or farms, should be planted with turnips, yielding 10 to 20 tons per acre, according to quality of the soil, costing about 50 cents per ton to grow. Roots are the mainstay, about 10 pounds each day per head being fed, with a very small quantity of hay, also bran, peas, linseed and cotton cake, oats, etc., all or part mixed in bulk—estimating one pint or so each day per head, with about two quarts of hay chaff, possibly a little water and rock salt. Movable fences are necessary to enclose the flock in a new patch of roots each day, passing over the field bit by bit, leaving the land richly buttered with humus.

The corn in the west is cheaper than are the above-named mixed feeds east, but the turnips, which play so important a part, will fully make good on the side of economy. Feeding sheep on arable land affords an additional item of return equal to many tons of city manure per acre, enriching the depleted soil and saving expensive fertilizer bills. The English grow their fine quality malting barley after sheep, and it may yet be discovered that a finer quality of tobacco can be grown in this country after such a preparation. Western lambs can be bought in the Buffalo market or shipped direct from the west, costing about three dollars per head.

The feeding period may range over two to three months, during which time the animal will thicken and grow.

LAMB'S CARCASS, SHOWING PARTS.

The wool or pelt is an item of return. The butchers who cater to fancy trade will be compelled to fill orders for the special goods, whatever the price may be. A slaughter house on the farm and a method of crating the whole or part of a sheep to each of the thousands of rich families in and around New York city should be easily arranged. Advertising is unnecessary to make known such a commodity; once established, the only difficulty will be to supply the demand.

In this billion-dollar age in the most extravagant country under the sun, a duplicate English saddle flap and juicy leg of mutton should command a handsome return, easily doubling present prices. The English-fed mutton continues always to hold up a high price against all imports. The best informed can show no reason adverse to the production of equally good mutton in close proximity to New York city, and this branch of farming will work favorably in conjunction with the usual routine of the farm; once started even in a small way, it can be developed to enormous proportions.

It must not be supposed that the uninitiated can make a success by following the above statements, neither do the American stockmen grasp the possibilities that await them. The numerous details necessary to conduct successfully this special branch of farming are understood by the best English sheep feeders only, who often have cold or wet to contend with during the winter months, necessitating shed-covering as protection. It is not generally known that a succulent turnip is heating to the system of a western lamb, in the absence of duly preparing the animal. The question of fencing and protection from dogs should be fully understood; the cost of attendance is a small item of expense.

In support of my right to speak with authority in sheep husbandry, I beg to say that my father was occupier of several farms, about 2,000 acres, near the county town of Bedford, England, for over 50 years, and for 20 years I have taken an active part in the business and in the management of large flocks of sheep, supplying the London market with No. 1 mutton and lamb. On these farms, the first iron plow was used, and with it we took first premiums at plowing matches throughout the country. We were also designers and inventors and makers of numerous agricultural implements still in use. The most prominent sheep farmer in the whole country, Charles Howard, whose name in the past often appeared in the press of this country, received his farming education with my father. It was on this large holding that the leading farmers and stockmen congregated to see our progressive methods.

Kind to the Limit.

"Was he kind to his family?"

"I should say he was. He couldn't have been kinder if he had been an insurance president."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

ABOUT WINTERING BEES.

Hives, If Packed Warm Enough, Will Winter the Bees as Well as the Cellar.

The beekeeper who has kept himself within the safe beaten paths of his own experience, and who has avoided the many new forms and fancies that spring up and seem to flourish for a day, may congratulate himself that he is not thrown off his base or led into temporary disaster by following some line of manipulation or some plan of management that is not practical or progressive.

I would not discourage experiment nor lay a straw in the way of progress. Thought, theory, experiment, each is a key that unlocks the door to hidden truth. We may fall into error at times, but the success attained is the reward of investigation and experience; and this leads me to say, in regard to wintering bees in this northern climate, that a plan or a practice that has proved itself true for a period of years without a failure is a safe plan to follow for the one making the trial, if not for others.

In this locality, writes a Hillsdale (Mich.) correspondent of Gleanings in Bee Culture, the temperature often goes down from zero to 20 below; and one great reason, and perhaps the chief reason, why some have failed in outdoor wintering of bees is that they are not packed warm. I formerly wintered my bees in the cellar, and lost them in the spring by the score. I then tried an outside repository with about the same percentage of loss. I have also packed them in chaff, and still lost a large number; but for the past several years I have lost no bees of any account.

I now place them in winter cases, three hives in a case. These cases are made of good lumber, and papered with thick building-paper all around the sides and bottom. I placed 91 colonies in these winter boxes last fall, and every one of them is in fine condition except one in a single box that I overlooked in packing. Since I have adopted my present plan I have not been troubled with spring dwindling. What I wish to emphasize in this connection is, that bees must be packed warm, and here is where the secret lies.

The chaff hives made by the different firms are all right provided there is sufficient packing of the right material on the top. My argument is that they must be packed so warm that the moisture will not condense—so warm that the bees can move to any part of the hive without any danger of being caught in a "blizzard;" so warm that they just laugh when they hear the winds blow with the temperature going down below zero. But some will say: "Pack your bees so very close, and there will be no upward ventilation, and the hives will become damp, and the combs will become moldy, and the bees diseased; and, as a result, they will come out in bad condition in the spring."

It occurs to me that this bad state of things which some seem to fear is not the result of close packing and warm hives, but the result of loose packing, too much cold, and too much upward ventilation. Absorbents are all right if warm. However, the only absorbent that I use is the propolized canvas, flat on the frames, and then two thicknesses of heavy building paper, and then a large chaff cushion, loose chaff or forest leaves, as the case may be, then the three hive-covers on top with the tight cover to the winter box, which completes the job.

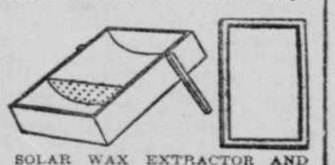
The most of my hives are seven-eighths of an inch deeper than the standard L., making the frame just ten inches from top to bottom. I think it is true that this deeper hive will generate more heat than a more shallow one. I run my bees for comb honey, and I like this deeper frame. It gives me more depth of brood and more bees, and it is bees that make honey.

The whole surplus energy and warmth and odor from this deeper and more populous hive flows up into the super above, warming the sections and the foundation, so that I have very little trouble in forcing bees into the sections. There is such an upward push that they must go above.

EXTRACTING BEESWAX.

Simple Apparatus Which Will Enable the Apiarist to Separate Comb from the Honey.

Wax, as produced by the bees and worked into comb, is almost pure white, but on being melted and cooled is yellow. I advise every bee keeper to use the solar wax extractor. All that is necessary is to have a box with glass to fit over it, as shown in cut. To melt combs, put in the box an old dripping pan, having a hole at one corner, and that corner the lowest, with some kind of a dish set under to catch the wax. To get the most out, says the Farm and Home, break up the combs into fine pieces, then soak in water for a day or two longer before rendering.



SOLAR WAX EXTRACTOR AND COVER.

Extra Combs.

Now arrange to have the bees fill and seal several extra combs, to have on hand when any colony runs short of stores during winter or early spring.

Heard in the Asylum.

"Is dere anyt'ing you wouldn't eat fer dinner?"

"Uh-huh."

"What?"

"Breakfast."—Cleveland Leader.

A Contrast.

Oh she was a woman as fair could be,
A woman of high renown,
Likewise a woman of high degree—
But she wore a low-cut gown.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

FIRED ON BY JAP CRUISER

The Adventure of a British Steamer In Tsushima Strait.

Steamers recently in the port of New York were concerned directly or indirectly in the battle of the sea of Japan. The German steamer Pisa, Captain Fendt, of the Sloman line, took the part of a Japanese transport, and the British steamer Erroll, Captain Graham, had a night adventure with the Japanese cruiser Takachino in Tsushima strait.

The Erroll was on her way from Shanghai to Kobe or Moji with a cargo of contraband cotton. Only because she got stuck in the Shanghai river just above Woosang bar for two days she escaped capture by the Russian volunteer steamer Smolensk.

About 9:45 Sunday night, after sliding over the Woosang bar, Acting Chief Officer MacKenzie saw a steamer's light right ahead. He ported and altered his course five degrees, expecting the stranger to do the same, and the light still headed for the Erroll.

When the stranger was about half a mile away she ported slightly, so as to pass about 300 yards off, and turned an electric searchlight on the Erroll. The man-of-war, for such she evidently was, was still invisible.

The chief officer called the captain, who put on his uniform cap and coat and took the bridge. The electric light was kept on for eight minutes, and then the warship stood on his course. His hull was now visible, and close behind him, trailing like a couple of bloodhounds, were two torpedo boats showing no lights except astern. The captain went below again.

At 11:45 o'clock a single white light came up on the starboard quarter, flashing the Morse code signal "M. N.," which means "Stop instantly." Before the captain came up again two searchlights were playing on the Erroll, one full on the bridge and the other flashed all over the ship and her deck cargo of cotton. The chief officer drank his coffee with perhaps hundreds of eyes upon him, the second officer coming to relieve at midnight.

Captain Graham paid no heed to the signals, keeping steadily on at full speed.

At 2 o'clock the stranger fired a gun, but the Erroll still held on. At 3:45 o'clock, daylight fast coming on, the war vessel was on the port quarter. She was seen to be a Jap cruiser flying the signal "D. V." (Show your distinguishing signal). Captain Graham complied. Then appeared again the "M. N." and the Erroll stopped. A

THE STRANGER FIRED A GUN.

lieutenant, a middy, several other officers and two signalers boarded the Erroll. Captain Graham showed them his manifest. The lieutenant then asked Captain Graham why he had not stopped, saying Captain Mori was very angry. Captain Graham replied:

"We don't understand Morse signals. Why didn't you fire a gun?"

"We did," said the Jap.

"Didn't hear it; must have been a popgun," said Captain Graham. "I thought you were a Russian, and I kept on, hoping you you would put about and leave us alone."

The Japs returned to their own ship, the cruiser Takachiho, and the Erroll was compelled to follow the cruiser back on the road for more than half an hour, when she was allowed to proceed.

The Goto islands were passed that afternoon, and when Mr. MacKenzie came on the bridge at midnight Tsushima light was just abeam. The first object to attract attention was a warship, playing constantly a searchlight upon the cotton ship and running rings around the Erroll. The man-of-war was shouting something indistinctly, and the Erroll hoisted her signal.

Shouting again, the unknown cruiser disappeared in the dark. The Erroll went on at half speed, but in two minutes there were several vessels signaling to her to stop instantly, which she did. She remained motionless until 4:30 a. m. A chain of warships was stretched clear across Tsushima strait during the darkness, but when daylight broke there wasn't one to be seen. So the cotton laden steamer pushed on, entering the harbor of Moji at noon.

ANALYZING MILK.

The Process Is Neither Difficult Nor Complicated.

The chemical analysis of milk is not complicated nor difficult. First the chemist weighs a small dish, cup or saucer and carefully notes down the results in ounces, grains and fractions of grains. Next he pours in some milk to be analyzed and again carefully notes down the result. By subtracting the weight of the dish from that of both the weight of the milk is found and recorded. Next the receptacle is placed over a steam jet, which evaporates the water of the milk, leaving only the residue or "solids." Again the dish and its contents are weighed, and by a simple calculation the percentage of solids is ascertained.

The "solids" of the milk have been found by innumerable analyses to average about 13 per cent, and while the fat varies in milk from different cows the solids left after extracting the fat are found to be a very constant quantity, seldom falling below 10 per cent or over 14. This gives the chemist a positive basis for his calculations and enables him to state with great certainty whether or not the milk has been watered.

The fat or oil in milk is determined by dissolving it by means of ether, the residue remaining after such test being termed "solids other than fat." The average fat or oil found in milk from cows is 3 per cent, and any amount less than 3 per cent indicates almost to a certainty that the milk has been skimmed. If analysis shows a decrease of fat it indicates that the milk has been watered, while if fats and other solids together are low you may infer that the skimmer has done its worst.

ANCIENT SEA WALLS.

Punishment That Was Inflicted For Neglecting Their Repair.

W. H. Wheeler in his "History of the Fens of South Lincolnshire" quotes Harrison as saying, in his preface to Holinshed's "Chronicle," that "such as, having walls or banks near unto the sea, do suffer the same to decay, after convenient admonition, whereby the water entereth and drowneth up the country, are by a certain ancient custom apprehended, condemned and staked in the breach, where they remain forever a parcel of the new wall that is to be made upon them, as I have heard reported."—P. 40.

Harrison, so far as I am at present able to make out, is the earliest authority for this, and he only speaks of it as a report.

In a paper by the Rev. F. C. J. Spurrell in "The Archaeologia Cantiana" relating to Dartford, I find the following, which, though it is by no means a proof of what Harrison had heard, tends to make the statement less improbable than it otherwise would be:

"In early times the Roman way crossed the marsh untroubled by the tide. Afterward, the tide having advanced further inland, the road was raised, becoming a causeway. In mediaeval times this bank was heightened against the tide, the road running inside, as at present. During a section made a few years ago through this road, near Stidolph's house, I saw a human skeleton extended across the bank about two feet below the present surface. This is, of course, a strange situation; but, looking to the fact that it was a tide wall, it is possible that the once owner of the skeleton had the duty of repairing the bank and, having let the tide through by his neglect, was placed in the breach, thus helping to repair it while suffering punishment. S. Smiles has mentioned that such a mode of dealing was a mediaeval custom. However, I know not how far the ancient graveyard extended hereabout, so that the body, which showed no signs of burial, might yet have been buried in sacred ground."—London Notes and Queries.

EARLY BOOKMAKERS

THE FINE ART OF THE MONKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Written and Illuminated Works That Were Marvels of Skill and Industry—Anglo-Saxon Monks Originated the Roman Letter.

There is scarcely any error so popular, yet so unfounded, as that which invariably attributes unbounded indolence to the monastic orders of former days. To them we owe the preservation of literature, both in the pains they took to perpetuate history by their labors in transcribing and by their diligence in the education of youth.

In the large monasteries a chamber was always set apart for writing, allowing space in the same apartment for other quiet employments also. The transcribers were superintended by the abbot, prior, subprior and precentor of the convent and were distinguished by the name of "antiquarii." These industrious persons were continually occupied in making new copies of old manuscript books for the use of other monasteries, and by this means many were educated and our most valuable historical records were preserved.

The Anglo-Saxon monks were most celebrated as writers and were the originators of the small roman letter used in modern times. The greatest delicacy and nicety were deemed essential in the transcribing of books, whether for the purpose of general instruction or for the use of the convents.

Careless and illegible writing is therefore but seldom to be met with among the remains of monastic industry, and when erasures were made they appear to have been done with the utmost care and skill. For this purpose the monks used pumice stone, and they were also provided with a punctorium, or awl, to make the dots and with metal pens for writing until after the seventh century, when quills were brought into use, they being far better than the metal pens then in use.

The inks were composed of lampblack soot mixed with water and gum for use upon the vellum, paper not being introduced until the tenth century; hence the beautiful distinctness, as well as durability, of very ancient manuscript books. So important was the art of writing in those days that it is conceded as many as 100 different styles were in vogue among the learned.

With so many impediments to the multiplication of books as were attendant upon their slow production in this manner, it is not a matter of surprise that the monks enjoyed almost a monopoly of this kind of labor, as in truth they were the only body of men who could properly conduct it. The expense of preparing books was proverbially great, and large estates were frequently set apart for the purpose of purchasing them. In addition to the cost of transcribing, the materials of which books were composed were sources of great expense. The leaves in many instances were composed of purple vellum for the purpose of showing off to more advantage letters of gold and silver. The binding was often very gorgeous, although of rude construction. The prevailing covering for books was a rough white sheepskin pasted on a wooden board, with immense bosses of brass, but the exterior of those intended for church service was inlaid with gold relics or silver embossed on ivory plates. Some books had leaden covers and some had wooden leaves, but even as early as this bindings in velvet with silver clasps and studs were made as presents for exalted personages.

Illuminating manuscripts was also another occupation of the monks of the middle ages, although not confined to them, for the greatest painters of the day disdained not to contribute to these cumbrous and sometimes confused decorations. The art of correct drawing and a knowledge of perspective cannot, however, be ascribed to the generality of the fantastic pictures by which illuminated books are adorned. Coloring and gilding appear to have been the chief points to which the attention of the illuminations was directed. The neutral tint was first laid on somewhat in the same mode as in the present day, some portions being left untouched in order to be afterward imbedded in gold and silver. The pictures represented different subjects, according to the nature of the book which they were intended to embellish. The title on the pages was formed of capital letters of gold and azure mixed. Illuminated pictures are of a dazzling brightness, the white predominating, which, not being an oil color, reflects the rays of light and does not absorb them. So much custom had the monks in their labors of transcribing and illuminating that they were sometimes obliged to introduce hired limners, although contrary to the monastic rule in general, but such aids were seldom resorted to, the monks being usually the only laborers.

The invention of printing diminished the importance and annihilated the profits of writing, and in 1460 that of engraving superseded the art of illuminating.—New York Herald.

THE PUEBLO INDIANS.

Their Religion Is In a Way a Species of Water Worship.

Eagle feathers are much used in the ceremonials of the Pueblo Indians, and in order to make sure of a supply the Zuni keep the birds in cages, plucking a few feathers whenever they happen to want them. On the other hand, the Moki have eagles' nests located at various spots within thirty or forty miles of their towns, which are considered the property of different clans among them. The eagle lays its eggs in the same nest year after year, and the clans inherit rights to certain nests from generation to generation.

The eagles are not killed, but the new fledged young ones are taken from the nest—that is to say, all but one or two, which must be left. To remind the eagle god to encourage the laying of more eggs by the birds an egg carved out of wood is placed where the divinity will be sure to see it; also, after being plucked, the eaglets are carefully buried in a certain cleft in the rocks, which is the eagle cemetery. Here the eagles have been interred for centuries, and the place is very sacred.

The Pueblo Indians have a tradition of the flood, and they say that the turkey is marked in commemoration of that event, its tail being black at the end where it was dragged through the mud after the water had subsided. The duck is another sacred bird, being associated with water. From the Pueblo point of view, anything that is related to the all precious water in any way is an object of worship. Their religion is made up to a great extent of aquatic divinities and might be called a species of water worship.

How to Clean Old Book Plates.

To restore old book plates that have been injured by age and damp proceed as follows: Place upon a flat surface a sheet of white paper somewhat larger than the print to be cleaned. Carefully dampen the print on both sides with a soft, wet sponge and then saturate it with a mixture of chloride of lime and oxalic acid dissolved in about equal proportions in a pint of cold water. You can tell when the mixture is right by its turning magenta color. Continue to apply it until every stain or spot has disappeared and then with a clean sponge wash the print freely with cold water.

A Poem for Today

YOUTH AND AGE

By Susan Coolidge

IF youth could know what age knows without teaching,
Hope's instability and Love's dear folly,
The difference between practicing and preaching,
The quiet charm that lurks in melancholy,
The after bitterness of tasted pleasure;
That temperance of feeling and of words
Is health of mind, and the calm fruits of leisure
Have sweeter taste than feverish zeal affords;
That reason has a joy beyond unreason;
That nothing satisfies the soul like truth;
That kindness conquers in and out of season—
If youth could know—why, youth would not be youth.

If age could feel the uncalculating urgence,
The pulse of life that beats in youthful veins,
And with its swift, resistless ebb and surgence
Make light of difficulties, sport and pains;
Could once, just once, retrace the path and find it,
That lovely, foolish zeal, so crude, so young,
Which bids defiance to all laws to bind it
And flashes in quick eye and limb and tongue,
Which, counting dross for gold, is rich in dreaming,
And, reckoning moons as suns, is never cold,
And, having naught, has everything in seeming—
If age could do all this, age were not old.

A HEROIC BATTLE.

The Enemy Was the Sea, and the Colored Troops Won.

No engagement of the civil war was carried on with more heroism and endurance than that fought by the Forty-ninth United States colored troops after hostilities were over. The Magazine of American History contains an account of the tussle in which the black soldiers bore themselves so bravely. The steamer Merrimac, loaded with cotton, left New Orleans for New York carrying, besides her regular passengers, thirty officers and 900 colored privates.

For several days all went well. Then the vessel sprung aleak, fires were dampened and the alarm spread. It was found that the iron supply pipe through which the water for the condenser was taken from the sea was broken, and the place of leakage could not be reached. The passengers were panic stricken. One small, fat German went about wringing his hands and crying:

"Ach, we are at the bottom of the sea! If we gets back to New Orleans will dey gif me back my monish?"

The water gained fast. The only hope lay in keeping afloat until a vessel could be sighted. The colored troops were pressed into service and proved themselves the heroes of the occasion. A line of men was established from the hold to the deck, and buckets were passed as rapidly as hands could move. On deck another line stepped back and forth with well trained military tread. The work below was most exhausting. The men at the bottom could not hold their position more than three minutes at a time. They were blinded and half strangled by the washing sea water and bruised by the lumps of coal which dashed about.

But no one faltered, and high above the noise rose the clear, sweet voices of the workers, now singing an army song, now a cheery negro melody. The music brought new hope to the hearts of the passengers. Hour after hour the men worked and sang, and the sea did not gain on them.

Two days passed, and the drinking water gave out. Then they could no longer sing, and their parched throats were eased only by a scanty supply of oranges and lemons, but still they worked. On the third day the lights of a steamer were seen only half a mile away. Rockets were sent up, and with great difficulty, on account of her wet ammunition, a gun was fired. To the dismay of all, the steamer passed on. Quickly the soldiers formed a line once more, and the wearisome labor began again.

After sixty-five hours of bucket passing a steamer was sighted which responded to the call for help, and the waterlogged Merrimac was towed into harbor.

The men who had sung so cheerily in the midst of hard labor and in the face of death were thoroughly exhausted, but they had not lost their light hearted gayety.

Gladstone's Early Joys.

When Mr. Gladstone was quite an old man it chanced that he and Mr. Chaplin were staying at the same country house together on a visit. One night after dinner the Grand Old Man asked Mr. Chaplin whether his grandmother had not lived in a certain street in Mayfair. Mr. Chaplin replied that she had done so. "Well," said Mr. Gladstone, "I remember it distinctly. I lived next door to her for awhile when I was a child. She used to give evening parties. When the carriages were assembled to take up, my brother and I used to creep out of bed—it was in the summer time—softly open the window, get out our squirts and discreetly fire away at the coachmen on the boxes. I remember the intense delight with which we used to see them look up to the sky and call out to ask each other whether it wasn't beginning to rain."

Brave or Reckless?

When a young man on a small salary and with the future very uncertain gets married we claim he is as reckless as if he jumped into water and couldn't swim. The romantic may call it courage, but it is pure recklessness.—Atchison Globe.

All Broke Up.

"She was very much affected, was she not, at the bad news?"

"I should say so. Her eyes dropped, her voice broke, her face fell, and finally she burst into tears."—Baltimore American.

Courtesy to Strangers.

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them.—Bacon.